

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Manchester City's graceful giant, Frank Swift, puts the ball round the post.

## Lifeboatman Swift, City's Goal Buster

MARCH 3rd, 1934, was a red-letter day for Eric Brook, Manchester City's fair-haired England out-side left.

Scorer of scores of match-winning goals, he probably surpassed himself on that occasion, and every one of the 84,569 fans, who together paid £5,451 0s. 6d. to see the match against Stoke, went home with his name on their lips.

Stoke City were a young team, backed up by one or two experienced players, and it was thought that they stood a very good chance of stepping into the final, and perhaps winning the coveted trophy.

Stanley Matthews and Bob Johnson, Stoke's international wingers, were quickly in the picture, and one run by Matthews—a beautiful close-dribbling affair—brought down the house as he slipped across the goalmouth a gem of a centre.

Johnson, running on to the ball, drove in a perfect shot, knee-high, and over half the vast crowd shouted "Goal!"

But they had reckoned without the brilliance of Frank Swift, Manchester City's young giant in goal—a Blackpool life-boatman.

He dived across the goal, thrusts out a gigantic hand, and put the ball around the post for a corner.

Matthews took the centre. It was a curling ball, and half a dozen heads went up in the goalmouth.

But it was Frank Swift who was there first, and taking the ball with the grace of a cricketer, he counted it upfield, where Fred Tilson fastened on to it, beat the Stoke centre-half, Bert Turner, and drove in a perfect left-foot cross-shot.

Bob John, Stoke's Welsh international keeper, waited until

As he broke through the defence, Roy John advanced from his goal, intent upon narrowing the angle. Brook could have been excused had he shot hurriedly.

Instead, however, the fair-haired sharp-shooter kept cool. He let John advance; did not get rattled as opposing defenders tried to unbalance him. Then, when he could only just see the goal, and John was nearly on top of him, Brook shot. John dived sideways, his arms outflung. Straining fingers touched the rasping leather—but did not stop it.

The crowd shouted "Goal!" as the ball whipped into the net, and Manchester City were again in the semi-final.

That goal was reputed worth about £6,000 to Manchester City.

## BEAUTY IN DISTRESS

THE celebrated Greek statue, the Venus de Milo, may have had a famous life, but scarcely a peaceful one. During the last five years it has been hidden at Valençay Castle, on the River Loire, where it was secretly taken to escape the war and the occupying Germans.

The local inhabitants of Valençay did not know anything about it until it was taken back, with many other treasures, on a lorry to the Louvre in Paris.

The statue was discovered by a British major last September who, at the same time, found many other hidden art treasures.

As long ago as the Franco-Prussian War, "Venus" was a "refugee." Then the statue rested in a coffin in a dungeon under the Louvre.

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .

BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address :

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## FAMILY TABLE TALK

FOOD and drink form the nucleus around which we for which the family send and we often spend our Sunday evenings together.

In the meantime, your sister and her husband and Angela, and Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell and their children all wish you the very best of luck, and Mother sends regards to all the lads she met from your boat, and love to you.

There's the Red Lion for A.B. James Benfield, whose home is at 1, Veyles-lane, Bardord, Warwick. Your Mum and Dad, and Eleanor of the Land Army, were at home in your old world cottage when we called there in the evening.

Dad said he is still going up to the Red Lion and keeping your seat warm, and Mrs. Baldwin up there often asks about you.

By the way the barmaid has left.

Jack and Arthur Griffin are both in the Army, and are doing well, and Bill Freeman has been home on leave, and came down to ask about you.

Eleanor says she has been working overtime on the land getting in peas, and spud pulling. She is now picking cherries, and (to make your mouth water) they have had bags and bags of strawberries. When we took a picture of Mum, Dad and Eleanor in the lane outside your cottage, it was a lovely evening, and the sweet peas there were just perfect.

The local council talk about building 35 houses near you, one for every soldier and sailor who has gone to the war. So you had better hurry up and get married. They told us you have not got a girl, yet.

Yours is a lovely little cottage, so clean, neat and everything in place; and how they talked about "their Jim." They all send their love and kisses, and there are several cool pints of old ale waiting for you up at the Red Lion.

A second later it was again in the centre of the field.

This state of affairs went on until but a few minutes were left for play, when a loose ball went out to the left wing.

Eric Brook, showing a great turn of speed, fastened on to the ball and at once cut into the centre of the field. The Stoke defenders tried their hardest to halt Brook's progress, but he hung on, refusing to be shaken off.

We called at 76, Granville-avenue, a few days after she had been christened, and we heard all about the ceremony and ensuing party.

Apparently your sister's little girl cried all the time during the first part, but she thoroughly enjoyed the festivities.

The Manor Park Hall was full of guests for the occasion, among them being your mother's friends from Liverpool, and Capt. Tyson, who came from Devon to take on the job of godfather, which you, unfortunately, have had to forsake.

You would have enjoyed seeing your little niece seated on her own chair at the table on which stood the big cake with "Angela, Margaret" written on it.

Angela was very seriously interested in all the attention showered upon her, and we couldn't make her laugh at all, but when her dad came in from work, she danced and smiled and beamed with delight!

While our cameraman got busy on Angela and her smiles, your brother-in-law told us how things were.

Apparently, lots of the chaps you used to work with have now left Syonet's, but those remaining hope to see you back there soon, helping to turn out the post-war stuff they are now working on.

Bob Mayne and Clem Barrett are always asking about you, and Alf joins them in sending good wishes.

Incidentally, your Mother says she is looking forward to the time when you will be able to take her to the Theatre Royal again on Saturday evenings. She goes now occasionally, but it isn't the same without you.

When you do get back, you will find your armchair still in the same place in front of the fire, but before you can settle yourself there, there is a big party for you at the Manor Park Hall to come too. My father took a little already. Sounds like being a belated celebration of

bourne—he is a watchmaker—of hiring a hall for the occasion.

One of the people who'll certainly be there to welcome you is your hairdresser pal, Bill Broomhall. He's barber to Chris now, but he's hoping to be able to take on both of you soon.

By the way, he's wondering how that hairdressing set he gave you last leave is standing up to overseas service.

And to sign off, here's a message from someone you've never met, but who's very anxious, to meet you.

Uncle Jack Simpson, of Melbourne, Australia, thinks the Far East is a lot nearer to him than Trent Vale. So while you're practically on his side of the world, he wants you to do your best to look him up. He'll have a real "down-under" welcome waiting!

IT is a different kind of scene featured in the story for Warrant Engineer William Glass, of Chichester.

This glimpse of the Harbour from Prinsted should bring you many happy memories.

On the seawall in the foreground, are Mrs. Glass, Peter (aged 13), in his Sea Scout uniform, and Christopher (10), who is in the Cubs. Sailing in the creek are some of the Sea Scouts' boats.

From their home at "Seabreeze Cottage"—the last in the Sussex lane that leads to the sea at Prinsted—Mrs. Glass and the boys have an uninterrupted view over the creek, which is their favourite rendezvous.

Peter, who is doing well at Chichester High School, is a

ing of hiring a hall for the

evenings together."

Mrs. Glass also has a brother in the Navy—a sickberth attendant—living at Gosport, and sometimes she and the boys go there.

So you see, Warrant Engineer Glass, all's well at home with the family. And we can tell they are all looking forward to the time when you can join them in a sail on the creek at Prinsted.

\*x\*x\*

ORANGE juice may not mean much to you right now, P.O. Harry Hargreaves, but it certainly will when you get back to Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent.

Your wife, May, had just taken Chris to collect his orange juice when we dropped in at 29, Keelings-drive recently. But they got back in time for us to take this happy picture for you.

That bonny blue-eyed baby boy you said "Good-bye" to on a Scottish railway station, has grown into a sturdy toddler. And is he thrilled with his first "grown-up" haircut!

She's cute, and would know all the answers—if she could talk. But as it's only three weeks since she first saw the light of day, her conversation is limited to a few gurgles.

Your wife, whom we found well and happy, is longing for you to get home, naturally, so that you can see Rosaline, the new addition to the family. Pat has grown a lot since you were last on leave, too.

Dave has returned to England since you met him in Ceylon at Christmas, and when "Good Morning" called at 56 he was expected home any time, and the usual preparations (from "under-the-counter") had been made for his homecoming.

Terry, Bob, and Jack are all fine, and the latter has just gone back to Germany after a spell of leave.

Rosaline and Pat are very good friends, and your wife asked us to tell you that the new arrival is a very good baby, so you can forget those visions of walking the floor at night.

Your latest daughter weighed 7½ lbs. at birth, and has been putting on weight fast.

All at 56 hope you'll soon be following Dave to a demob-centre for your "ticket."

YOUNGsters when Daddy left home, these two sturdy examples of British childhood wait to greet him on his return. His joy in "getting to know them" will help to erase from memory the hardships and privations of the long years of war, when only letters and an occasional photograph told him how the family were growing up.

Those vegetables he has planted in the garden of 5, The Grange, Westbourne, should make good eating at the welcome-home dinner you will doubtless get when you return.

Westbourne is tucked away in a picturesque little corner of Sussex, on the Hampshire border, and it is a fair run from there to the nearest "flicks," but every Monday evening there is a "social" for the youngsters at the village hall.

And, of course, Connie (aged 12), Raymond (10), and Joan (6), are the Starr guests!

We should think Connie will soon be a great help to her mother, and Raymond is evidently quite a lad. Both are very proud of just winning a first-class certificate in the annual Scripture examination of the National Sunday School Union.

Mrs. Starr also showed us a book which Raymond had received from his Sunday School teacher—presented by her "to the best boy in the class." You know, that's rather a nice reflection of his home life.

Joan is now looking forward to the time when she can collect a few books and certificates, too.

We hear there were high jinks in the village, P.O. Starr, when you got home for your first spot of leave after fifteen months away.

Mrs. Starr tells us she has (Continued on Page 2)



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keen member of his Sea Scout patrol, and often during the week-end the patrol has four or five boats out in the bay.

At the moment Peter's thoughts are bent on a Service career—but not in the Navy. We don't know what his Dad will think about that, but Peter's idea is that there is a future for him in the Indian Army.

Christopher, of course, has no strong impressions about the matter at present. He is attending school at Funtunting, where Mrs. Glass is doing a good job of war work as a teacher. Thus, both the boys are away all day, but after school there is a happy reunion at "Seabreeze."

"We were awfully lucky to get this place," said Mrs. Glass. "I was teaching in Wales when my husband last came home from the Mediterranean, and we went to stay for a time in Liverpool.

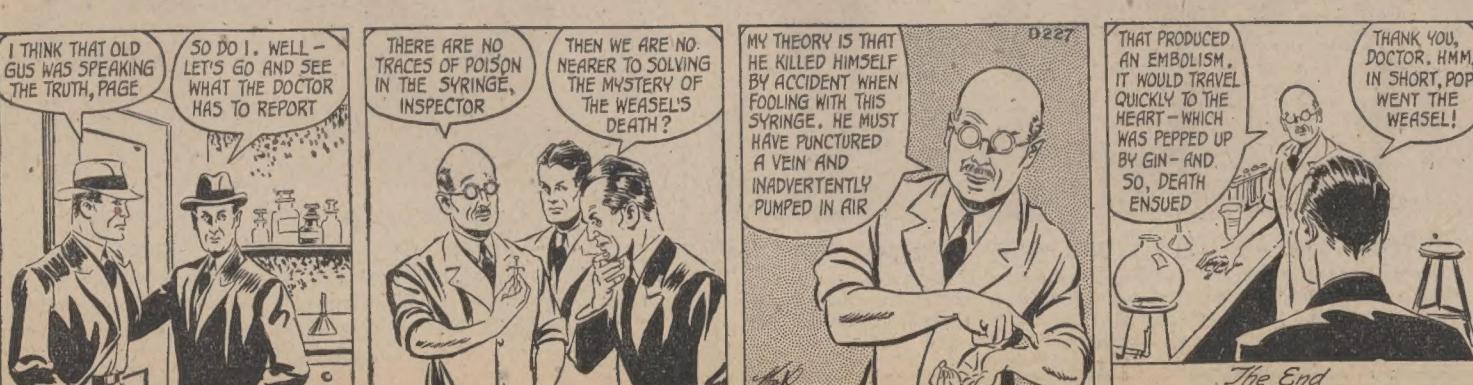
"I had nothing to do in Liverpool, so I came down here. My mother and father (Mr. and Mrs. Bruce) came from Aberdeen for a month, but they are still here, and we are going to be a big party for you all. My father took a little already. Sounds like being a belated celebration of shop in the square at West Grand affair, too. They're talking."

Nana has promised to buy him a bathing suit, and he's just waiting for you to come home to teach him to swim. If he has his way, you'll be spending every day at Trentham Gardens!

Your wife, too, is dreaming of the day you'll be pushing open the gate into the little front garden. She and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Bayliss) are planning a very special party at the Manopark Hall to come too. My father took a little already. Sounds like being a belated celebration of shop in the square at West Grand affair, too. They're talking."



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A NUMBER of letters have come in from readers of this column asking about the future of air mails and the advisability of collecting them. The answer, briefly, is that air issues have a very big future indeed, and that both from the point of view of interest and investment, it will be worth any collector's while to start collecting right away.

There seems, however, to be some misunderstanding about the length of time that air mails have been in use. Their origin is by no means modern. In fact, the first air mail stamp made its appearance as far back as 1877.

It was issued for a balloon flight by Samuel Archer King, an American aeronaut, who carried mail on an ascent from Nashville, Tennessee, and is known as the "Buffalo" from the name of the balloon. The stamp was coloured blue and printed in tête-bêche strips. You don't see many copies these days. Just before the war a pair realised £90 at a London auction.

During the next forty years a number of countries, notably Germany, France and Switzerland, produced unofficial air mail stamps, and an official issue came from Italy in 1917. These franked the mail carried by air between Turin and Rome and Naples and Palermo. For this purpose the current 25 centesimi express stamp was overprinted with a three-line inscription, "Esperimento Posta Aerea - Maggio 1917 - Torino-Roma-Torino."

I think that some 200,000 stamps were printed, but not more than three copies were allowed to be sold to each person.

The United States entered the field in 1918 with an issue destined to become famous and perhaps the most valuable of all air mails. This was a 24-cent stamp for an air service between Washington, New York and Philadelphia. Everyone knows this issue with the inverted centre.

The story goes that a philatelist named W. T. Robey went into a Washington Post Office and bought a complete sheet, and on examining them outside, found that all the centres were inverted.

He at once realised how valuable these would prove, and went to New York the same week to sell them. He didn't at first get the offer he wanted, but eventually they were bought on behalf of a syndicate, who sold them to the well-known collector, Col. E. H. R. Green. Robey's profit was nearly £3,000. To-day you couldn't buy one under £700, and at a New York auction in 1939 a copy went for £1,000.

The "Hawker" issue of Newfoundland is another valuable item used on letters carried on the Transatlantic attempt of Hawker and Grieve. Though the plane came down in mid-ocean, the mail was salvaged. The stamp was a provisional—the current 3-cents "Caribou" type overprinted with the five-line inscription, "First—Trans—Atlantic—Air Post—April, 1919."



Air mail stamps during the last twenty years have, of course, been issued by most countries throughout the world, the notable exception being Great Britain. The argument of the British Post Office is "that distinctive stamps for use on letters carried by air are quite unnecessary."

The Greeks also had a Victory postmark on VE-Day. This was in use for three days only, and incorporates the figure of the famous Marathon runner who brought the news of the great victory over the Persians to Athens in 490 B.C. Beneath the figure is inscribed the word "Nenikikamen," by which, with his dying breath, he announced the triumph.

The new Health stamp from New Zealand shows the famous Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens. The Brazil stamp reproduced here was issued to commemorate the end of European hostilities.

# Good Morning



## IMPORTANT PICTURE FOR E.R. A. MAHON.

Here's a photograph of that blue-eyed brunette you have never seen, E.R.A. Don Mahon. Don't you think she's cute? Your wife does and so does Pat. Hasn't Pat grown a lot since you saw her? She's tickled to death with her baby sister, Rosaline.



★ SERIOUS BABY GREETS A.B. BILL GELL. This is Angela, your sister's little girl—to whom you were going to stand as God-father. The position was ably filled by Captain Tyson, who came up from Devon for the christening. On the right you see a happy family group from 76 Granville Avenue, Manor Park, Slough. They all send good wishes and want to see you back soon.

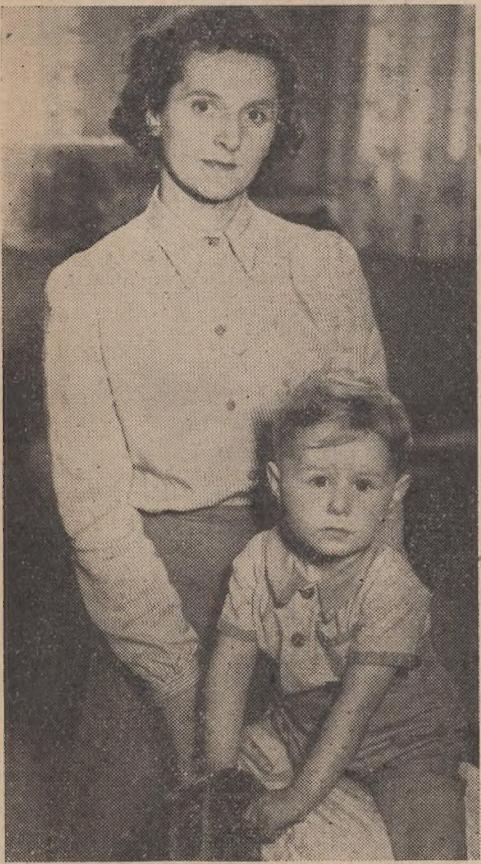


## NAVAL PICTURE FOR WARRANT ENGINEER WILLIAM GLASS.

The glimpse of the harbour from Prinsted should revive happy memories: And we're sure the three on the sea wall will do your eyes good. Peter is in his Sea Scout uniform, and Christopher is in the Cubs. Riding at anchor are some of the Sea Scouts' boats.



★ "RED LION" PINTS FOR A.B. JIMMY BENFIELD. But before you come home to enjoy the "pints," here's a picture of Mum and Dad and Eleanor of the Land Army leaning on the old garden wall to be going on with!



## WIFE AND CHRISTOPHER GREET

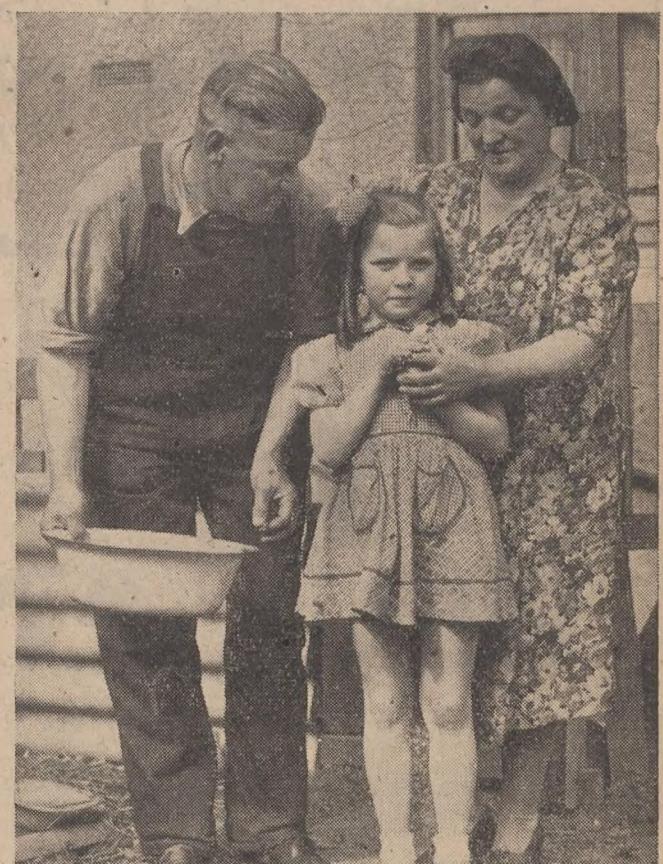
P.O. HARRY HARGREAVES.

What do you think of young Christopher's first "grown-up" haircut, Harry? Looks quite the little man, now, doesn't he? He's no longer the blue-eyed baby you said "good-bye" to.



## FAMILY LINE-UP FOR P.O. STEWARD HORACE STARR.

Our cameraman just caught the family leaving for a village social, when we called. Here they all are, and don't you think they look fit? Raymond looks mighty pleased with himself—must be the result of that Sunday School prize he had just won!



★ JIM PENNYCUICK (we've mislaid your rank—but here's a picture you will easily recognise!)

Dad and Mum with young Aileen were just feeding the chickens when "Good Morning" called—and so we photographed them just as they were. We thought you'd like that way best, Jim.